

### The First Visit of Santa Claus.

# FOR THE LADS AND THE LASSIES

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Them Every One.

"F. C. P." SENDS GOOD WISHES.

And a Nice Story all the Way From Clifton Springs-She Says She Hopes Nobody Will Kill Himself With Fire Crackers.

A Real Santa Claus. Santa Claus, I hang for you, By the mantil, steekings two; One for me and one to go To another loy I know,

There's a chimney in the town

You have never traveled down; Should you chance to enter there, You will find a room all hare; You will find a room all bare;
Not a stocking could you spy,
Matters not now you may try;
And the shoes, you'd find, are such,
As no boy would care, for much
In a broken bed you'd see
Some one just about like me,
Dreaming of the pretty toys
Which you bring to other boys;
And to him a Christmas seems
Merry only in his dreams. Merry only in his dreams, All he dreams, then, Santa Claus, Staff the stockings with, because, When it's filled up to the brim, Folks Lyrica."

The Pullman Stocking.

There came into the Pullman sleeper just as Christimas Eve was closing in a woman and one small boy. The woman was dressed in willow's clothes, freshly

ness the gaze of his fellow-travellers as he stood up to pass his hand over a panel above his head.

We was on a train that something pened to it, on another road, and so didn't got here to get on this road this marnin' as we thought we would so we have to keep on to-night, and that's how 'tis we come into this nice car. We was just in a seat all last night, but maximu said we'd have to have a place to sleep to-night. Handsome here ain't it?" patting the velvet cushion

The clear troble rang out for the full the coar feetie rang out for the tun-benefit of the half dozen nearest neigh-bors, and just here mamma whispered a few words which checked the flow of information. The round face grow sober-with grave speculation, and presently a hand touched the shoulder of the man in the soat behind.

"Say, mister, Santa Claus doesn't travel on this train?" "Oh, I really don't know," was the re-ply. "Well, I suppose not,"

ith a little sigh. "But course he ouldn't" with a half laugh. "Santa aus has too much to do Christmas Eve

doesn't find my stockin'? Do you s'pose,"
with a little anxiety, "he'd go back to our
old house where we lived before papa
died, 'specting' to find us there?"
"No, I think not, Santa Chaus keeps
track of his chiliren, you know."
"I suess so," brightening up: "and he
knows me. He's brought me things, oh,

Then I guess he'll be likely to find

you somewhere."

A delightful expression grew on the small face as a keen investigation of the face of the person offering such comforting opinions (seemed to reach

comforting opinions facemed to reach results satisfactorily.

"If you're sure hs wouldn't forget though he's got such millions and millions of places to go to. He'lt think it strange I ain't there at rrampa's with my stockin'. Well," with another sigh, "I hope he'll get to uncertand some way; and I hope he'll know I was good, and didn't bother mamma when she said we couldn't get there, for all I wanted to awful bad." There was a choke in the high-pitched voice.

The porter now ame to make up the berths, and mamma led te boy to another seat. For awhile the clear eyes watched with a pleased admiration all the arrangement of the "cunning little berths." Then mamma dew him into her arms, and, as the quiet of the approaching sleep fell on him, talked softly of the Christmas Eve eighteen hundred years ago, when quiet shepherds watched their focks, with the clear heaven above and the star leading to the cradle of the Christmas a time of reloture for child.

laid at opposite ends, in order to give more room, so that the expression of pressure in the "pretty curlain," "sice little pillows," "warm blanksts," with a mixture of delignted giggles, was still casily audible.

The next man behind, coming to his berth a short time later, stopped with a stare of surprise, and then met with

the button of the drapery hung a small the button of the drapery hung a small stocking.

Others paused on passing, and others came on hearing of it, so that before long every one in that sleeper had seen the little Christmas stocking. In the subdued light there may have been tears mingled with the smiles with which it was rendered by those who, by force of circumstances, were not gathering by stocking-deked fireside; from those whose life had lost the music made by little feet; perhaps sadder by those who had wandered far from home joys and home

wandered far from home joys and home "A poor place for that sort of thing. I'm afraid," said the next behind to the

I'm afraid," said the next lady across.

"Perhaps not so bad as one might think," was her answer. She had opened a lunch basket, and just as the manafter fumbling in his pocket, dropped a sliver dollar in the toe of the stocking, drew out a box of candy, which followed the dollar.

"Look there!" Four school girls on the control of the stocking of the holidays caught was home for the holidays caught in the search of the stocking of the search of t

"Look there?" Four school girls on their way home for the holidays caught sight of what was going on. "Well, it isn't often you see a Christmas stocking on its travels. We must scrape up some-thing for it."

A doll was hastly made up of two or three silk handkerchiefs and crowded in, accompanied by nuts and candles from

hurried out of the car early in the morn

ng.
"Hush—sh-sh-sh-h-h!" The mother was "Hush-sh-sh-sh-h-h!" The mother was fairly out of breath with her efforts to keep that boy from arousing the whole car. But the car was ready to aroused, and shouts of laughter minaled with the squeals an giggles and exclamations of delight and amazement. "Merry Christmas!" Heartfelt greetings followed the two, as at length they hurried out. "He sheuldn't have done it—I didn't know," said the mother, looking about in shy gratitude. And with the purfof the engine came the last words of the boy:

She dances to the same music and in

word "dancing" or "games," perhaps, and sometimes it will be "surprises." Then does curlosity pop straight out from these diminutive fembline souls, and

Kitten parties are all the rage with

sion, and such a frolic!
At the door of the nursery, where, of course, the "afternoon" is held, stands the little hostess, assisted in her weles by some kindergarten chum, most ly. As each small arrival presents elf she shares honors very generousy with her roly poly pet, which is cere-noniously presented with a tiny bell, it being slipped along her neck ribbon. Such a shaking of heads and scampering hither and you to catch the tinkle, tinkle! Such dainty "mews" from pink throats at the wonder of it all! They roll over and over in numbers, and in pairs they stand off and prance at one another;

all directions. There are white kittens with blue ribbons, yellow ones with white ribbons, spotted ones and gray ones, tiger kits and jet black ones-and still they keep

ited around the stocking, and handker-thiefs, filled out with nobody knew what, were fastened on. In short, if Santa

the boy:
"Fait, mamma, if I hadn't done it,
how would Santa have known where to
find me?"—Harper's Young People,

From F. C. P.

"F. C. P." sends the Times Children Wishes for a Happy New Year, all the way from Clifton Springs, N. Y., and she also sends this nice sketch about "Parties for Klittens." She hopes you will not do

The twentieth century miss of four

out charming pink scented notes of in-citations, reading how "Dorothy Small" will be "at home" such a day "from four o six." Down in one corner will be the

there is great wonderment as to "what's tummin' next."

these small folk just now. Every little ruest is requested to fetch along her set kitten, all beribboned for the occa-

then clinch, poking their small paws in

close their darlings, are whisked homeward.

One party I heard of did not end so prettilly. Right in the midst of the merrymaking two pink nosed pussies fell to quarreling. It never was known just what caused the trouble, but they quickly came to blows and loud screaming. In a trice one little mistress boxed her pet's assailant. Then his blue eyed defender came to the rescue with an angryblow for the other pussy, and then straigthway the Mother Eve slumbering within these diminitive other breasts bade the little ones box each other. It was too bad, wasn't it? for the pretty party was quite broken up, and little girls and klittens all went home without any refreshments, while the small hostess—who was, I am obliged to say, the first assailant—was put to bed at four o'clock—New York Herald.

#### THE KING AND THE PAGE.

A Pretty Story of Grim Old Frederick the Great.

A Pretty Story of Grim Old Frederick the Great.

Frederick the Great one day, sitting in his study, rung the bell several times, out nobody came in response to this summons. At hat, growing impatient, he opened the door of his antechamber, and discovered his page fast asleep. The rung, much annoyed, was amout to awaken him, when he discovered a written paper hanging out of the boy's pocket. Kings are not above curiosity any more than ordinary mortals, and without scruple his Majesty softly drew out the paper without awakening the sleeper and read it. He found it to be a letter of thanks from the page's mother, in which she biessed her boy for his thoughfulness and devotion in sending her the greater part of his wages. It had been a great help to her, she wrote, and heaven would certainly reward him if he continued faithful in the asystee of his king.

After he had read this, Frederick went back to his study and brought a rouleau of ducats, which he slipped with the letter into the pocket of the hoy. Then, closing the door of the antechamber, he went back to his desk and rung the bell with such violence that he soon awoke the page, who hurried into the soom.

"Surely you have been asleep!" thundered the king, glaring at him fiercely.

The poor had much frightensd, tried to stammer out a confession or excuse, and in his agitation he thrust his hand

ng a smile behind his hand. this, your Majesty?" cried the boying on his knees. "My ruin is intend-I knew nothing of this money; indeed

"Why," said the king, "whenever for-tune does come she comes sleeping. You may send it to your mother with my compliments, and assure her that I will provide for you both."—Philadelphia

Santa Claus' Reception. "Santa Clans Reception" in the

which was filled with toys.

He gave each a box of candy (French mixed), and a picture-card, and he showed us his books where he had given away 20,00 boxes to the school children!

At the White House (a larger store than any three stores together in Richmond) he had trees covered with cotton (because

he had trees covered with cotton (because they never have any snow) and his sleigh was full of lovely toys from Germany and France. We lived on Golden Gate avenue, and on Xmus-eve he drove up the avenue with his reinder and sleigh, ringing his hells and stopped at each house. He brought us a tree so large it more than filled the bay-wholow. He took our stockings off with him for the next Xmus and we are coloing for them now. Xmas and we are ooking for them now.

I am sorry I have not received the
Chatterbox. Your rittle friend.

HELLEN GERALD.
Elmont, Hanover Co., Va.

### HERE THEY COME.

Good Wishes From the Times for You Every Onc.

This is Christmas Day. We hope all the stockings are full and that nobody will make himself sick by eating too much turkey and candy. That would be a shame. Next Sunday will be the first day of the New Year. Then, if we look, we shall see in The Times a list of re-porters from the different schools, and we shall see what the prizes will be Good-bye, Don't kill yourselves with fire crackers. THE TIMES. Verackers.

### OF THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH.

It was a murky evening at the close of September. We had had glorious summer weather and then suddenly the temperature had fallen. There had been some much-needd rain, but we had experienced for a day or two a foretaste of what lies before us in the coming winter. There was a slight-only a very sight-foggi ness in the air, attended with occasions showers, and the muddy footway in th city made the streets very unpleasant

I was hurrying on my way, not because I had special need for hurry, but simply because it was my habit. I had just left a Board Meeting of a Society in which I was interested, and was thinking over some points of the business transacted. As I left Moorgate Street Station, I was accosted by a diminative little creature who was selling matches, Absorbed in my own thoughts, I walked steadily on, but he followed by my side challenging my attention by a renewed offer of his wares, and repeating meanwhile, "Two a ha'penny! Two boxes a ha'penny! Buy 'em, sir!' Then, after a pause, see-ing I did not respond, he continued, "Could give yer three, but there ain't much profit then!"

That curious chant at length stopped me, and I took in the scene and the speaker at once. I saw a common sight alas, in London: a little street vendor, shoeless and stockingless, his bare feet well muddled his trousers ragged, and his jacket equally so. Trousers and jacket were all he had to cover him from the drizzling rain. A queer little old patched cap was perched on the side of his head in a knewing fashion. He resumed, "I could give yer three, but there ain't much profit if I do." The child looked to me about eight years of age; but I guessed him to be nine, as he was of stunted growth. We began to tak. "Sold much to-day" I enquired. He shook his head. "Six boxes ain't much, only t'ree a pence for the lot." Who sent you out?" "Mother." "And why does mother send out a little chap like you?" "She can't help it; she's very bad." "Where is she?"

has been smiled a welcome, the little mistresses begin to frolic, too, and the nursery rings with sweetest laughter.

In the rooms aljoining stands a small table bearing a sumptuous supper, when the hour for these daintles comes the kittens play their prettiest part. Any number of china saucers—very thin, shell-like ones they are, too, each bearing an original design in Dresden colors—are filled with milk and arranged all in a row at one end of the playroom. The first small pussy to dip her nose in gets that pretty dish as a souvenir of the first small pussy to dip her nose in gets that pretty dish as a souvenir of the forlic. There are two prizes as well—one for the kitten which fails to dip a paw in the milk, and the other for one which, being the naughtiest, places two or more wee fee in the saucer.

Of course this adds great interest and zest to the closing hour. Then the good byes are said, and the little girls, holding close their darlings, are whisked homeward. "Well, now," I said, "telf me where your mother lives," "13. Plough Court,

Banner street, St. Luke's."
The place was not more than ten min-The place was not more than ten min-utes' walk from where we stood. "Come on with me," I said, "and I will visit your mother. I am a doctor, you know, and I may do her some good." Without-more ado the little chap trotted off by my side, showing me the way, darting in and out among the people whom we constantly met erowding the thorough-fare, but managing meanwhile to keep up a never-failing stream of talk mostly up a never-failing atream of talk mostly about the "nice gemman."

On our reaching Banner street, a few

minutes brought us to the corner of a dingy, pestilential-looking court, timed on each side by tumble-down two-story houses—houses that looked as ff they had houses—houses that looked as if they had been originally jerry-built, and had been out of repair for many years back. They reeked of noisomeness. No. 13 presented a set of creaky and very filthy stairs, and without delay we began to climb them, up and up, until we reached a back room on the top floor. I allowed the boy to run in and rell bis mother, while I waited in and tell his mother, while I waited outside. Only a minute clapsed, and then the door was thrown open and I entered The room was literally quite devoid of furniture. There was no chair to sit down on; no table to fill up the space. Yet all seemed wondrously clean and out of keeping with the dingy court outside and the filthy worm-caten staircase up which we had come. But the human accupants of this bare and squallid garret claimed attention. Year that whiches on claimed attention. Near the window on the floor, on a heap of rars, which formed her only bed, lay a poor, decent-looking woman, fully dressed, but having her leg extended without a stocking. A few words of sympathy and explanation, and I learned the simple story of this poor half-starved creature who lay in that back room within a stone's throw of a thoroughfare thronged with passers-by, and where great business enterprises were carried out. The woman was a wilow of about forty-five. She had wounded her leg, and, instead of healing, it had apparently festered. A large un-wholesome ulcer was exposed to view as girl of about six years of age-"our Bess," she called her-a bright-eyed, winsome little lassie, who soon made

istser and himself with bread, I canno ninute. The tears were soon wiped away and as I looked at the calm, resolut care of the children, and to kep our Bess from the streets." Here, in this wretced decent industrious creature, in whose breast there still burned the flame of faith and hope! Mrs. Rider was indeed, I found,

voman of faith and prayer. Dark as he horizon was, I soon discovered that she habitually exercised a simple, almost childlike, trust in God, and it was at this moment that an incident occurred which filled my own heart with giadness, and sent me away humbled in the very dust, as I thought of how often I had doubted the unfailing providences and faithfulness of God. "Sir," said the woman as we talked, putting her hand under the pillow, and pulling out a copy of a well-known Christian weekly journal. "Look here, sir, read that!" And under my very eyes she placed a short narrative of one of my own rescues, which had been reprinted without my knowledge in this journal. How the page had drifted to her I know not; but the last lines of the story contained that statement of of mine which has been so oft-repeated and which all my readers know so wellt "Never during all tasse years have I refused a single destitute child who has made application at my doors." "There, sir," said the poor creature, not knowing in the least to whom she spoke. "I have been hoping and pray-ing that God would let Billy and our Boss get in there. Then I know they'd be safe, and they'd both be togther, and I'd go in cheerful to the Hospital."

I thought for a few moments before is answered. At length I said slowly: "i did not tell you who I am; but now I must let you know." The poor woman looked up with something like alarm written on her face, I continued: "My name is Barnardo, and I have a great many poor boys and girls, and that is why I asked your little lad to bring me here to-day. Now, if I can help you by keeping the children for a while, I will." It is impossible to describe the emotions of wonder and amazement which passed over that poor mother's face! In a moment the tears poured down her checks. "Billy!" she called, and the boy ran quickly to his mother's side. "Bess, dear," she added; and then, holding the two children in her trembling hands, she all the little boys and girls. I told you God would hear me, and now He's just sent him here to take and keep you both

until I am well again."

As for me, I felt at once humbled, encouraged and thankful; humbled to think that in any hour of darkness and diffi-culty I had ever doubted that God heard and answered prayer; encouraged by this fresh proof of our Father's guiding hand even in little matters, and of the certainty that it is no vain thing to put one's trust in the Lord; and thankful for the opportunity thus afforded me of stretching out to one of our Lord's own chil-dren a helping hand which would roll back the dark clouds of care and anxiety from her life and would probably stim-ulate her own faith to greater things. There and then the arrangement was

made. I was to admit the children for a pital. Of course I saw to the immediate wants of the family, but not until I made Billy tell me once again of the "nice gemman." "Now, Billy, what shall I do to be like the nice gentleman? Shall I give you a shilling now or shall I take you both into my home and send your mother to the hospital?" Billy hesitated, but there was no doubt fulless in Reseice. lunch baskets. A boy further down made By and by, when the very last arrival "Home." "Anybody else there?" "Sissy," but there was no doubtfulness in Bessie's These drummers are not saily good Bargain ad.

mind. The words were hardly out when she sidled over to me and placed her little hand trustingly in mine. Billy said more slowly. "If mother wor well, I taink it would be nicer to have the shilling", but I'l go with you sir, all right," and thus the bargain was concluded.

Ere long one of my good women helpers was in the room supplying the wants of the patient, bringing food and fuel and a few needed garments to the children, while I meanwhile obtained the

the hospital to this poor member of the household of faith.

Billy and Bess are not solitary in their history. I have in the homes to-day not a few who, although rescued from the very deepest poverty, are the offspring of praying people. Surely such as these have the strengest claim upon the sympathy and love of those who call themselves followers of Jesus Christ.—Dr. Barnato in "Night and Day."

The Ancient and Modern Drummer

The Ancient and Modern Drammer
Had you looked in the dictionaries only a few years ago, you would not have found a definition of the word drummer, as applying to commercial travelers. As we understand him, the drammer is a late and modern creation. And yet, like many other things, the idea is simply history repeated; for as in various instances, ideas and things we think are new and modern, are really old and forgotten things of the past, rediscovered; to which have been given new names (fint actually disguises their original meaning and significance. The drummer really existed since commerce began, since the priniples of agency existed.

He has done much to make all the world neighbors, and perhaps the carliest historical reference to him is found in the story of the good Samaritan: for the good Samaritan was simply a drummer. He was only a commercial traveler between Jerusalem and Jerico, and was used in the story as a type of his class, illustrating the divine goodness in all classes of men. For it will be remembered the types referred to in the beautiful little story, one was a priest, representing the Jewish church; another was the Levite, representing the condemned by the church; and the Samaritan, who then belonged to what the church called unorthodox. We are left to guess the faith of the vittim, who fell among the thieves and was stripped and robbed. This, however, was no question for the drummer, for he was in distress and need, and wille the priest and the Levite saw him, and went on the other side, as if they didn't see him, this commercial traveler not only gave him wine and oil, but helped him on his own beast, took him to the lan and fed him, and then sald to the landlord, you administer to his wants and "I will repay thee."

This story is just as true to-day as it was in the long ago. It represents types of men that live now, as well as then. It is but another form of expressing the universal Fatherhood of God, at the same time, showing that the good and orthodox often go on the right side, and

He was a neighbor to the distreased and unfortunate, no matter where his home, or what ais church or nationality;—as agency of God, and missionary of religion, as well of trade and commerce.

The modern drummer, while called by another name, is of the same class. He hasn't just come, but has been here all the time. He brought his knitting 'long ago, and came to stay! The styles may change, but it is the same old drummer. He may not carry the same kind of grips, nor in them find room for wines and oils—or, even for pints of corn and rys—but he is still with us. Or, if not still, he is with us still! He may not now have any "benst," as did the Samaritan, but he "Gets there, just the same!" His beasts, now-a-days, are everything from a bicycle or an ox-cart, to a Pullmin sleeper; fils field, from one end of the carth to ince other, instead of from Jenesley to Jenesle.

sieeper; fils field, from one end of the carth to the other, instead of from Jerusalem to Jerico!

Yes, the drummer is a great character in the world's make up. There have become all kinds and classes. They have grown as thick as English sparrows—and about as hard to trap! Their breed has actually been improved of late, since it was discovered the earlier ones ran too much to tongue and mouth. There was then too much cat-fish and alligator in their compound, which was saily demwas then too much cat-fish and alligator in their compound, which was sadly demonstrated by the insurance mortuary lists and posted signs:—"Talked to death!" In fact many merchants resorted to strategy, and provided themselves with poll-parrots which were learned to entertain, or to exclaim as seen

business; not a bit of it! He is still "Bobbing up screnely," and without any padlock on his lips, is doing business at the same old stands. Many of them now appear to be aimost as dumb as oysters; and while you miss the signs, and the parrots, you would imagine that they at least had been born of dumb parents! Instead of giving free lectures on politics, the weather, and the Bible, they now leave their samples in some sample room, and simply say when they come in—"What hour?"—Sugar, three-eights, &c.," and leave before a pollparrot, even, could discover thata they were drummers—Oh, there is nothing like improved breeds in drummers, as well as in everything else!

For their own protection, as well as to lower the death rate among cash paying

well as in everything else!

For their own protection, as well as to lower the death rate among cash paying customers, they have what they call "Homes." and "Headquarters." The former are doubtless where they take "Wayfaring men," and the latter, where the over-loquacious may tap themselves. Wish the book agents and insurance men had "Holmes" and "Headquarters." for if they don't learn to tap themselves. I'll be darned if somebody else don't!

But since thes drummers have got Homes and Headquarters, and become great great organizations, and have discarded their "bests" for bicycles and Pullman coaches, they have changed the whole thing and call themselves "Knikats of the grip," "Traveling men," "T. P. As.," and all that:—just as if the Masons and Odd Fellows weren't knights of the grip; and tramps and conductors weren't traveling men, and the Tennessee editors weren't T. P. As. They are drummers, that's what they are! This good Samaritan didn't put on any high-faiutin's syle. He didn't ride in any Palace cars, nor on any bievele, either, He'didn't call himself any T. P. A. No, he just got on his "beast," with his grip in his hand, and rode off from Jerusalem to Jerico, just like anybody else, And when he came up with this man that had been robbed and beat, he just put him on the train, and took his grip in his hand and walked. That's the way he done. Though his "beast" was only an ass, not a palace car; instead an accommodation train!

But this drummer was the first conductor, wasn't he? Of course a drummer But this drummer was the first con-

But this drummer was the first conductor, wasn't he? Of course a drummer was the conductor of the first accommodation train, if an ass was the engineer. And what did he do? He didn't skin out to his boarding house as soon as he pulled in town, leaving the passengers to look out for themselves, while the coloreit porter yelled at the dors: "All out for Jerico?" No, he pulled his train right up to the hotel door, and after he had helped his passenger out, paid his hotel bill; and then, like a conductor with a heart in him, said if his bill is any more. "I will repay thee"—on my return trip! Do these brass-buttoned, gold-lace gentry of the present times do that way? No, they leave you to be fired out, or to be given a ride on "Black Maria" by a cop, down to the police station, and three left to pay your own bills! That's the way they do; and that's the reason all the world is clamoring for more drummer conductors!

### Very Important.

# The August Grocery Co.

611-613 E. Marshall Street, Have a complete stock of Xmas Goods, such as Raisins, Currants, Figs. Mixed Nuts of all kinds, Oranges, Malage Grapes, Cocoanuts, etc., and, furthermore, have doubled our farce, teams, etc., so as to give to our esteemed patrons not only prices very reasonable, but a prompt attention and an immediate delivery. Our prices are, according to the quality, lower than any one else. We claim it to be so and to prove it, only we ask of you your honorable call, and surely we will show our greater appreciation.

ciation.

Here you will find everything that you need for your cake.

Finest Country Butter (for table), pounds for 50c.

Finest for cooking purposes, 15c.

Fresh Figes, from country, 23c.

Finest for cooking purposes, inc.
Fresh Eggs, from country, 20c.
Finest London Layer Raisins, 10c.
Very nice, 3 pounds for 25c.
Best Mixed Nuts, 10c.
Finest Layer 17gs, 15c.
English Walnuts, 11c.
Very best Citron, 124c. Very best Citron, 12%c.
Mincement Atmore, best, 10c.
Finest Jelly, 2c.
Malaga Grapes, 3 pounds for 59c.
Finest Oranges, dozen, 3ec, and 25c.

Finest Granges, dozen, 3ec, and 3ec. Our Very Best Flour, for this week only \$4.15.
California Prunes, 5c.
No efforts shall be spared so as to the to our customers and to the public in general the best satisfaction.
Extending our many thanks in advance for the general support to us from our

many friends,
Very respectfully,
THE AUGUST GROCERY COMPANS
Watch our flag.

Our Entire Stock

# of Holiday Goods

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## Miller China Company,

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Between First and Second.

Open Every Night

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OFFICE OF I. N. JONES & SON, LEADERS IN ENGRAVED WEDDING INVITATIONS, ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS, SOCIETY PAPERS,

&C., &C., &C.

VISITING AND AT HOME CARDS,

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 25, 1898. entertain, or to exclaim, as soon as a man came in the store with a grip—"Talk too d—n much!" Since then, this class of drummers has been turned over to the book agents and insurance soiletors, with instructions:—"To bury your own dead!" And, strange to say, some of the insurance companies have since gone out of business!

But the drummer hasn't gone out of business; not a bit of it! He is still "Bobbing up serenely," and without any padlock on his lips, is doing business at the same old stands. Many of them now appear to be almost as dumb as oysters; and while you miss the signs, and the parrots, you would imagine that they at least had been born of dumb parents! Instead of giving free lectures on poli-

Having prepared ourselves fully to meet the requirements, we confidently, ask the support of our people in this particular line, also in general Printing, Binding, etc.

### I.N. Jones & Son. Engravers, Printers and Binders,

6-8-10 N. EIGHTH ST. conductors, but they are the best kind

of cannibal food, and they will risk give ing a cannibal a square meal any time for the chance of selling him a bill of goods. A hungry cannibal is said to be very easy to get acquainted with, and that may be the inducement for the risk; goods. A hungry cannibal is said to be very easy to get acquainted with, and that may be the inducement for the risk but the drummer appears to be acquainted with everybody, and he can part out a gentleman or a sucker every time. Of trains you would mistake him for the president of the road, and in the hotely you'd think he is the landlord. He can well, and sleeps well; and seems to have a conscience void of offense to God and man. Upon the testimony of the porters, the Lord lovas him, for he is a cheerful giver. He is usually armed to the testh with nerve, chilitonics and playing cards. He carries a good degesting apparatus and a bomb-proof stomach, which is one day attacked by fried-meat skins and sole-leather steakes and stewed prunes. Occasionally he comes into the port of soma good hotel, where no feast of Nero ever equaled his which is followed by a flank attack of the cholera morbus, but the drummer survives them all!

Yes, the drummer has brought he grip, and come to stay. He is in fact, welcome guest. He has invaded position of honor and trust, and become the freat of many of our oest business houses. He has a big heart and head, and can ries a full line of the milk of humans kindness. He will ask a favor, and a readily grant one. As a rule, now well as in the past, he does not run much on Sunday school leadership, but he will help a fellow when he is down, and yell when the bettom dog gets on too. He still does not wear any priestly robes, but when he finds you in the gutter, of stripped and robbed, instead of sympathizing over on the other side of the street, he'll come right over and give you wine and oil! He'll be a good Samaritar to you. That's what the drummer will do!—E. L. C. Ward, in the Commercial Travellers' Bulletin.

### CLOSED TO MORROW.

Miller & Rhoads' store will be closed all day to-morrow, Monday, December 26th, to give their employes a full holiday. Will open Tuesday morning at usual Will open Tuesday morning at usual hour. See Tuesday morning Times for